

Missing Children

Teddy Thompson

Wake up and check the mail
Hoping to find a letter from you
But all I find are missing children
Turn on the morning news
Hoping to see a resemblance of you
But all I see are missing children

Tell me - do you miss me like a missing child

Trying to start my day
Pouring the coffee, reach for the milk
And the carton says... have you seen these children
So I go to church and pray
Down on my knees when the plate comes with
"Please give what you can for the missing children"

Tell me - do you miss me like a missing child

And I do feel bad for faces in my face all day
But the circumstance means I can't think of anything but you
No I can't care for anyone but you

So I try to get away
Whole different place but the signs are the same
There's always more, more missing children
And when I close my eyes
I used to dream sweet dreams of you
Now all my dreams are missing children

And I miss you - I miss you like a missing child
Yeah I miss you - I miss you like a missing child